

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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933

## MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued)

The plan was a promising one, and Editha's resolution began to give way. But, after a long and serious communion with her own thoughts, she felt that she had done nothing, if she did not determine to do all;—she felt that her sacrifice must be complete, or it would be of no avail;—she shuddered whilst picturing to herself the events that might happen if she consented to live, therefore heroically resolved to die; and having made known her resolution to the faithful Jacques, the violence of his sorrow added one more to the pangs which she already felt;—but her firmness continued unshaken.

"O God!" cried the old man; "to think that you, though not guilty, should pay the forfeit of guilt!"

"Would you rather that I should die guilty than innocent?"

"Oh, no, no, no. I have now the consolation of knowing that you are going from a bad world, —a world unworthy of you, to your dear father, my honoured master, and the joys of heaven! But I feel for myself and your poor vassals—What is to become of them?"

"I shall leave them," answered Editha, "to the care and love of my brother, and well do I know for my sake how fondly Altieri will cherish them."

Here she burst into tears, and begged that Jacques would leave her, as what yet remained of her time she wished to spend with her confessor in prayer. Jacques then forced himself away, and Editha remained to meditate and to pray.

In what agonies did all who loved Editha, and they were nearly all who knew her, pass that night!—but she composed her mind by the aid of religion. In the morning she sat down to write to her brother; and wishing for private reasons that her mother might not know his address, she desired the jailor to take care that, as soon as she was executed, the letter should be sent to the post without going through any other hand. She then wrote a few lines to Dunbar, dear, as she justly thought, to his well-tryed affection, and his generous confidence in her innocence, even in spite of appearances. But this letter was not to be given to him till all was over, and she wrote to that effect on the outside; and having given it to the jailor, she finally prepared for death, and the dreadful moment arrived!!!

Dunbar meanwhile, passed the long hours in unspeakable wretchedness:—at length he heard the bell toll—the doleful signal of what was about to happen; and a few moments after, while he lay nearly insensible in his bed, the letter from Editha, sad proof that all was over, was brought him by his servant. He could not read it; but consciousness forsook him, and he fell back like a corpse upon his pillow.

But to return to Editha.—As she passed to execution, her heart was melted, yet gratified, to see amidst the crowds that awaited her on her passage, the poor and the afflicted whom she had relieved and comforted, with clamorous

sorrow and uplifted hands imploring her to look at them once more, and bless them before she died; then falling on their knees, invoking heaven to support her under her trials, and receive her to its mercy.

"My daughter, thou hast not lived in vain," said her confessor, wiping his eyes: "thou wilt be blessed witnesses for me before the throne of thy Creator."

At length they reached the fatal spot, and Editha with a firm step mounted the scaffold. So strongly was the idea of a rescue believed, that a guard of soldiers surrounded the scaffold; and there was scarcely any doubt, but that for that precaution, a little army of the indigent, urged by gratitude, aided by many of the rich led on by love, joined by Apreece and Danvers, would have attempted a rescue, and perhaps succeeded in that attempt. But the precautions of the magistrates were too well taken; and a relation of the Baron Holstein's being then at Ruten, he was as eager that Editha should die, as others that she should live, and he took measures accordingly. Every thing was ready, and the work of death beginning, (for Editha was bending her neck to the hand of the executioner, and all was solemn dread and expectation,) when a bustle was heard in the crowd, and it opened to make room for a man, who, covered with dust, and with disordered men and dishevelled hair, forced his way towards the scaffold, exclaiming, "Stop, stop, for mercy's sake! She is innocent! she is innocent! and I, I am the murderer!"

At these words, the crowd, no longer to be controlled, burst through the guards and rushed upon the scaffold, following the stranger, who, rushing towards the nearly fainting Editha, exclaimed, "My Editha! my sister! and did you think I would let you die for me, die for my guilt?" Then pressing Editha to his bosom, they fainted in each other's arms. Altieri recovered first. "Horrible!" cried he, shuddering: "had I arrived only a moment later, all would have been over."

Editha now revived; and seeing Altieri, she said, "Oh, brother, what have you done! Of how much more consequence is your life than mine! and I had such consolations in dying!"

"But what would have consoled me for your death? Think you that I would have survived you?"

The officers of justice now interfered, and desired to know why the execution was delayed.

"Because my sister is innocent, and I guilty," fiercely replied Altieri. "I am the murderer of the Baron Holstein, as I can prove, and my sister was ignorant of the deed, till in an evil hour she entered the field, saw what I had done, and prevailed on me to escape, while she threw the body into the water. However, I know that I must make all this appear in a court of justice, and thither I desire to be conducted."

The calmness with which Editha had borne her own fate was now entirely vanished, while contemplating the certain fate of her brother, and the agony which awaited her mother: nor could she see any joy in life restored to her

on such terms, or feel one throb of pleasure, except when the dear image of Dunbar stole across her recollection; and then "How happy we will be!" was almost on her tongue, for the feeling throbbled powerfully at her heart. But, O the joy of the weeping wretches who had followed her with their tears and their blessings, and who now accompanied her on her return to prison with shouts and acclamations!

"They forget that my brother must die, still!" exclaimed Editha, wringing her hands as every shout met her ears.

"I am contented," said Altieri mournfully, "that they should only remember that you live."

As the procession returned from the place of execution, the shouts reached the ears of Apreece, and with a foreboding of good news he ran out to know what had happened; and when he heard, "*Mademoiselle Arundel est sauvee, elle est innocente!*" pronounced by several persons to whom Editha was justly dear, the procession, which he had till now avoided, he eagerly sought, and most as it came near the prison. Editha was leaning on her brother's shoulder, a joy of herself lost in sorrow for him.

"Oh, 'tis true then! There she is, her own dear self!" cried Apreece, bursting into tears.

Editha heard an exclamation in English, and, suspecting who it might be, looked up; and as her eye met Apreece's, again the idea of Dunbar and his happiness came across her mind, and she smiled through her tears. Apreece got very near her, and exclaimed, while tears trickled down his cheeks, "I'll tell him! I'll tell him myself!" So saying, he bustled through the crowd, and disappeared; nor did he stop till he reached Dunbar's lodgings. He found him thrown across his bed, but just recovered from his swoon, and lost to every thing but a sense of misery; but on seeing Apreece rush into his room, he started up in a transport of rage, and exclaiming, "Monster, be gone, your sight is odious to me!" sunk again upon the bed.

"There!" cried Apreece, scarcely hearing his exclamation, "there! I told you so, she is innocent! the real murderer is found, and Miss Arundel will not die!" Then he danced about the room in frantic joy; while Dunbar, pale as a spectre, seized his arm, and begged for mercy's sake that he would explain himself, and not sport with his feelings.

He did begin his explanation, but could not go on with it. Joy overpowered Dunbar as grief had done, but it was only for a minute: he recovered almost immediately to a sense of happiness; he embraced Apreece, he cried, he laughed, all in a moment; and then taking him by the arm, he proceeded to the hall of justice, whither they found that the prisoners had both been conveyed.

I shall not attempt to describe Dunbar's feelings on beholding Editha again, and seeing her rescued, freed from the disgrace of dying on a scaffold, to live with greater reputation for well-tryed virtue than ever; for just as they reached the hall, some one was reading aloud Editha's letter to her brother: it had been taken from the jailor by order of the judge, as it was thought likely to contain evidence of importance, and was as follows: (To be Continued.)

BY PETER PINDAR.

"Happy art thou, O man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat simple fare; whose nose turneth up not at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth thy slumbers at night.

Art thou an Alderman, and pottest pounds of turtle into thy paunch; thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces; thou gapest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it is beneath a gentleman to pray for bread."

Curse not sprats and flounders; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Doom thyself not undone because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of fortune.

Content sighth not for venison; she listeth not her eye to heaven for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the Sun at dinner time; but preferreth his radiance to the greasy light of a candle.

#### A MILD ANDEFFECTUAL MODE OF REPROVING SERVANTS.

THE late Mr. Hayward, of Chester, was remarkable for retaining his servants a considerable number of years, which, he has often observed, was more the effect of a gentle, than severe mode of reprovng them: As for instance, when a servant waiting at table, has been so far neglectful as to suffer him to wait for a clean plate, he has risen and done that office; when the servant apologised for the neglect, he received for answer, "There was no harm done; your head was upon other business, and it is impossible you can attend at two things at once." So if his garden had been neglected, he would take a spade in the presence of his gardner, and falling to work, extort a similar apology from him; which he returned with, "Don't disturb yourself; you've something else to think of, and you can't possibly mind my business and your own together." And two or three of these quaint, but keen rebukes served him for more than thirty years; and he found them abundantly more salutary, and far less troublesome, than any violent scoldings or oaths that could be said.

#### THE MARVELLOUS.

AMONGST the curiosities in the University at Leyden, are the effigies of a Russian peasant who swallowed a knife ten inches long, and is said to have lived eight years after it was cut out of his stomach: the way in which he happened to swallow it was by putting the handle of it down his throat, in order to produce vomiting; but in the retching thus excited, he happened to let go the blade, on which the whole handle slipped down into his stomach, part of the blade remaining in the gullet. An incision was made upon the handle, which was distinctly felt, and no very remarkable symptoms took place. There is also a shirt made out of the entrails of a man.

GEORGE HARTWELL SPIER died, in Charleston, (S. C.) at the early age of sixteen years and eight months. His recently published posthumous works would, at that early age, have honoured the memory of a Milton or a Shakespeare. He dwelt with the Muses, and the Muses dwelt with him, till death severed them forever. In 1804 he fell a victim to the ravages of the yellow fever, and was interred on Sullivan's Island, near the city of Charleston.

This little 'floweret, culled from nature's rudest fields,' was suggested by 'Eliza's Grave,' a sweet little poem of the youthful minstrel upon a sister's death. The author claims not the merit of originality. 'In artless grief,' a younger bard offers this humble tribute on

#### THE TOMB OF GENIUS.

WHERE the chilling north wind howls,  
Where the weeds so wildly wave,  
Mournd by the weeping willow,  
Washed by the beating billow,  
Lies the youthful Poet's grave.

Beneath von little eminence,  
Mark'd by the grass-green turf,  
The winding-sheet his form encloses;  
On the cold stone his head reposes,  
And near him foams the troubled surf.

'Roars around its base the ocean';  
Pensive sleeps the moon-beam there:  
Naiads love to wreath his urn—  
Dryads thither hie to mourn,  
And fairies' wild notes melt in air.

O'er his tomb the village virgins  
Love to drop the tender tear;  
Stealing from the alleys round,  
Soft they tread the hallowed ground,  
And wave the wild-flower chaplet here.

By the cold earth mantled,  
Peaceful sleeps he here alone;  
Cold and lifeless lies his form;  
Batters on his grave the storm.  
Silent now his tuneful numbers;  
Here the sun of genius slumbers;  
—Stranger, mark his burial stone!

#### MATERNAL COMFORTS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

WITH soft concern the happy matron views  
The smiling infant to her bosom prest;  
And on his face each well-known line pursues,  
That in the father's semblance glows confest.

With secret joy she sees her cherub play,  
And sport, and wreath its dimpling limbs a-round;  
And may an anxious minute whiles away,  
In rapt attention to its lisping found.

At length the words, just syllabled, are heard,  
The little stammerer taught by rote to speak,  
And every accent by the voice preferred.  
Affords the gossip converse for a week;  
And, in a pastime rational as this  
Consist, unalloyed, the parent's bliss.

#### DOMESTIC PICTURE.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,  
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown!  
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,  
And social quiet marks me for her own.  
Next to the blessings for religious truth,  
Two gifts my daily gratitude engage;  
A Wife—the joy and transport of my youth,  
A Son—the comfort of declining age.  
Seek not to draw me from his calm retreat,  
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;  
Content with plain domestic life, where meet  
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

#### USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

ON my return, I found an old woman at a door where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window: "Ah! it is this everlasting nag that wakes us: she will never die."

I was shocked at this brutal answer, "Madam," said I, "may I ask the reason of your coming home so late?" "I have been to take care of a sick person; but I have already sat up two nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away." They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you. "I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable, but in cases of the most urgent necessity: yet there is no tenderness but in woman, there is no attention but in old women. The young ones are constant'y occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts, when I am nursing one that is sick, I have an eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ah, Mrs. Thompson, are you here yet," cried he: "your patient wants you again; he will have none but you; I beg you will return." The good old woman did return. I saw that she was not destitute of information; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again, and I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of Rosbach, the general, whom had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to make nurses of the loose females that followed the army, and told them they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, industrious, and attentive; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their own children, and saved three fourths of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her? His nurse, his guardian, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comfort in sickness; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or prompter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young she is beautiful; old, she is good: one grateful word ever pays her. Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society.

#### TO SHAME A LIAR, TELL A GREATER LIE.

MR. Acerbi, in his travels, tells of a Gentleman in Uleaborg, in Sweden, going by sea to Stockholm, who dropt a silver spoon in the sea, which was swallowed by a salmon, and carried

in his belly to Ulenborg, and so found his way to the Gentleman's wife; who immediately concluded that the apparition of the silver spoon announced the shipwreck of her husband. He returned, however, in time to prevent any consequences from the belief. This Mr. Acerbi relates as well authenticated fact. An observer remarks, Did Mr. Acerbi never hear the story of the watch dropt in latitude 46, 30, longitude 20, 15, by a gentleman of veracity, then passenger in an outward bound West-India packet, and recovered from the belly of a shark, to the westward of Bermudas, by the same gentleman, on his return, uninjured, going, and right by the observation at noon.

## 

In St. John's college, Oxford, they have a very curious portrait of Charles I. done with a pen, in such a manner, that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck with the portrait, begged it of the College, and promised in return, to grant them whatever request they should make.—This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied with the request, which was—that he would give it them again.

## 

Dahl the painter being employed to paint a portrait of the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, as he worked on her picture, she asked him what he intended she should hold in her hand? "A fan!" replied the artist. Her Majesty, whose ejaculations were not remarkably delicate, vented a very gross exclamation, and added in great wrath, "A fan; a fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for a Queen of Sweden."

## 

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 39 persons (of whom 12 were men, 9 women, 11 boys & 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of cancer 1, casualties 3, cold 1, consumption 6, convulsions 1, debility 2, decay 8, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, inflammatory fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 1, gravel 2, hives 2, intoxication 2, inflammation of the throat 1, prue 1, still born 3, sudden death 1, whooping cough 1, and 1, of worms.

**Late and important.**—The arrival of the ship Eugenia, Capt. Bodett, in 37 days from Amsterdam, has put us in possession of very interesting intelligence from the seat of war in Europe. It appears that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of France held a conference on the 8th of October. On the 9th an engagement took place between the advanced guards of the two armies, in which the Prussians gained the advantage. This was succeeded by other battles, in which the French were successful. On the thirteenth the King of Prussia concentrated two of his divisions near Jena: and on the fourteenth about 100,000 Prussians and 150,000 Frenchmen met in the valleys of Jena—a bloody and desperate engagement ensued—the Prussians were overpowered by numbers, and according to the French account, lost 200 pieces of cannon, 20 or 30 stand of colours, and 28,000 killed and prisoners.

The prince Ferdinand, and Henry, and the Duke of Brunswick, are among the killed, and Prince Hohenlohe dangerously wounded. The ground is said to have been bravely contested on both sides, and the

King of Prussia had two horses shot under him.

A letter from Amsterdam, dated the 29th of October, adds—"The war with Prussia is at an end, and the French are at Berlin. In nine days an army of 150,000 men has been destroyed, and a kingdom taken. I think that great operations are still to be carried on."

Com. Ad.

## 

On the 18th inst. Performed in ZION CHURCH, *West-Street*, a Selection of *Music*, chiefly from works of Mr. LEACH, and other European masters.—Conducted by a Professor.

## 

Overture to HANDEL's Occasional Oratorio.—HANDEL.  
1 Anthem, By LEACH,  
Chorus, *Shout to the great Jehovah's praise,*  
Trio, *The Sons of Glory and of Grace,*  
Chorus, *Shout to the great Jehovah's praise,*  
2 Duetto, *He that hath Pity on the Poor,* LEACH,  
3 Anthem for Christmas,  
Chorus, *Shepherd's Rejoice,*  
Duetto, *Jesus the God comes down to dwell with you,*  
Trio, *Thus Gabriel sang,*  
Chorus, *Glory to God who reigns enthron'd above,*  
4 Anthem, *Happy beyond description,*  
Trio, *Happy, &c.*  
Duetto, *If this Felicity were mine,*  
Chorus, *Cheerful and blithe,*  
5 Anthem, LEACH,  
Duetto, *Burst ye emerald gates,*  
Duo. 2d. *Floods of everlasting light,*  
Solo, *Hark! the thrilling Symphonies,*  
Duetto, *Sweetest notes in Seraph's song,*  
Chorus, *Sing to the Lord a new made Song,*

## 

Overture to SAMSON,

1 Ode to *Harmony*, by a Member of the Association,  
Recit. *Dark discord, hence, retire this sacred place,*  
Solo, *Let sweetest passion fill each heart,*  
Chorus, *And all rejoice,*  
Duetto, *Immortal power extend thy reign,*  
Semi do. *Te hills and floods assist the Song,*  
Full do. *Then spread with Harp & Trumpets sound,*  
2 Anthem, from the forty-first Psalm, LEACH,  
Chorus, *Pleased is he that considereth the Poor,*  
Trio, *The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble,*  
Duetto, *The Lord preserve and keep him alive,*  
Chorus, *And deliver him not, &c.*  
Solo, *But comfort him, &c.*  
Trio, *Make thou all his bed in his sickness,*  
Chorus, *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.*

## 

Anthem for Christmas,  
Recit. *When first, &c.*  
Solo, *Angels astonish'd, &c.*  
Chorus, *Joy brighten'd every face,*  
Trio, *Arise ye nations, hail!*  
Chorus, *Rejoice with loud acclaim, rejoice,*  
Air, *Immortal Hiss,*  
Trio, *Exalted Son of God look down,*  
End with the Chorus Rejoice.

Doors open at 6 o'clock P. M. performance begins precisely at 7 o'clock. Tickets price 50 Cents, to be had at Mr. Ming's Book Store, Messrs. Hewitt & Gilfert's Music store, Lewis Hartman, Pearl-street, and Frederick Shonhard, Bowery-Lane.

## 

Inform the Ladies and public in general, that he has opened a FURRIER STORE, in John-Street, No. 66, corner of William-Street, and recommends his Goods equal to any in this city, as they are made by himself.

December 6. 929—tf.

## 

MISS MARY SEENT, informs the Ladies that she carries on the Mantuamaking business in all its branches at No. 36 Broad-street, makes Ladies Coats and Pelisses in the newest London fashions.

Girls wanted as Apprentices to the above business.  
December 6. 929—3w.

## 

Know ye the happy nuptial bed,  
May Heaven every blessing shed;  
And far remove all pain and strife,  
And smooth the rugged road of life.

## 

On the 14th day of October last, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Gabriel Winter, Esq. of this city, to Miss Jane Stratton, of Flushing, L. I.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mason, the Rev. Robert Forrest, Minister of the Second Scots Presbyterian Church in this city, to Mrs. Maria Thomson, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Thomson, merchant.  
By the Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr. Bernard Durnin, Bookseller, to Miss Elizabeth Cocks, youngest daughter Mr. Robert Cocks.

## 

On Wednesday evening, in the 46th year of his age, Nathaniel Norton, Esq. of Ontario county, partner of the House of Nathaniel and Hudsey Norton.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. John McKinnon, attorney at law, son of Mr. Neil McKinnon, aged 24 years.

On Thursday, after a short and painful illness, Miss Juliann Van Steenberg, daughter of the late deceased Mr. Samuel Van Steenberg.

At Falmouth, Jamaica, on the 24th October, Mr. James Doyle, Printer, late of New-York.

## 

An elegant assortment of coloured and plain Christmas Pieces, wholesale and retail, for sale at this office.

## 

ALMANACKS, for 1807.

Also—NAUTICAL AND POCKET ALMANACKS, By the Groce, Dozen, or Single, for sale at this Office.

## 

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

## 

For Bouquets, may be had during the winter at the Green-house, No 20, Nassau-street. Gentlemen will please to observe, that it will be necessary to leave notice 24 hours before they want Roses, and they may depend on being punctually attended to at the appointed hour.

Common Bouquets at 25 cents, may be had at a minute's notice.

November 15. 926—6t

## 

MRS. SMITH, FROM LONDON.

Begs leave to inform the Ladies of New-York, she intends appropriating her time to making, repairing & altering MUFFS & TIPPETS to the latest fashions.

Mrs. S. having conducted an extensive Furr Manufactory, a number of years in London, flatters herself she will be able to please those who may favor her with their orders at No. 44 Oak-Street.

November 15. 926 tf.

## 

No. 22 BREKMAN-STREET,

Makes, and has constantly for sale, Venetian, ParLOUR, Spring and Shutter Blinds of every description, wholesale & retail, warranted of the best quality, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Also—plain and papered Window Cornices, to any size and pattern. All Orders for Exportation, thankfully received and immediately attended to.

An assortment of Hatters' Blocks always on hand.

Old Blinds repaired and painted.

December 13. 930—6m

## 

Made and put in the ground compleat,—warranted tight, by  
ALFORD & MERVIN,  
No. 52 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house

## COURT OF APOLLO.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

"The following lines are worthy a place not only in the corner of every newspaper, but also in the corner of every human heart:

"Assist them, Hearts from anguish free!  
Assist them, sweet Humanity!"

LANGHORNE.

Aw ye! who meet stern Winter's frown,  
Upheld by fortune's powerful hand,  
Who see the chilling snow come down,  
With all her comforts at command:

O! think of their less happy doom,  
Whom Poverty's sharp woes assail!  
No sparkling fire, no cheerful room,  
Revives their cheek, cold, sunk, and pale.

Deep howls the wind! the pelting rain  
Drips through the shatter'd casement cold;  
While the sad Mother's arms contain  
Her infant's shivering in their fold:

In vain they raise their piteous cry,  
And plead, at hungry Nature's call;  
Their only food a mother's sigh!  
Their only warmth the tears that fall!

Stretch'd on his miserable bed,  
The wretched Father sinks in grief;  
Pale sickness rests upon his head,  
And only hopes from Death relief.

The parent's tender, mournful eyes  
Mingle their faint and humid beams;  
Fresh woes from retrospection rise,  
Fresh source from Memory's fountain streams!

O, Rich! the transport might be thine,  
To soothe their sufferings into peace!  
To bid the Sun of comfort shine!  
And want's oppressive empire cease!

To see the glow of health return,  
Reanimate their faded cheek!  
Life's feeble spark, rekindled burn,  
And give—what language cannot speak!

On Fancy's pinion oft I roam,  
With Pity, partner of my flight,  
Forget awhile that grief's my own,  
And taste a soothing, sweet delight:

Forget the many poignant woes,  
That weigh this drooping form to earth;  
Where restless Sorrow hopes repose,  
'Scap'd from those ills which gave it birth!

O! ye, embark'd for Pleasure's shore,  
Restrain awhile the fluttering sail!  
At Pity's call! retard the oar,  
Nor let her plaintive pleadings fail!

## SONNET.

What gives a man, in peace or strife,  
The right to be preferred?  
What makes him, in all kinds of life,  
To love the vulgar herd?

What sets a fool above his peers,  
And dignifies his state?  
What stronger pleads than Merit's tears?  
What makes a Villain great?

What can to nonsense lend a charm,  
And every temper fit;  
The front of ridicule disarm  
Of all his pointed wit?

Not Worth, nor Virtue!—no! Behold!  
The almighty satirist is—GOLD!

## BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWBRAY, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the Sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarro's, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—6m.

## THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—tf.

## FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. Barham, No. 103 Maiden-Lane, has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool, an elegant assortment of Japanned & Brass Fenders, and by former arrivals a handsome assortment of coccalico & black ground Tea Trays, Tea Urns, Plate warmers, Plated Goods, Ivory and other Knives & Forks, Sattin wood, Tea Caddies, black tin Dish covers and all other articles suitable for house keeping, in the Hardware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or credit.

A fashionable assortment of Andirons, Shovels and Tongs, Jam Hooks, Hearth Brushes & brass nos'd Bellows always on hand.

Oct. 25.

923—tf

## SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do. do.

Paper do. do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do. do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

November 15.

926—tf

## TO THE LADIES.

M. HENCKS, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promise that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf

## FOR SALE,

Cheap, with or without her Child, ten years time of a young active Mulatto Woman. She is perfectly sober, honest, and good tempered. Sold for no fault. Enquire of the printer.

December 6.

929—tf

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE.

NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume. 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 6s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences. Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomades, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Stroops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 5, 1806.

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October 18.

922—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP